

Glimpses of the Old World Virginia as
Seen by a Child Who Formed Part
of Its Interesting Life—Recent
Visit of Colonial Dames.

An entry on "Friday, Janua. 34. 1722." testifies to the need of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" in the colonial period. "On Monday the 18th of January," says the diary, "I saw a poor little white pup, down in her dary that a 'vile man Adam at night killed a poor cat of mine, because she eat a bit of meat out of his hand and scratched it. This reprehensible conduct calls forth an outburst of emotion from me. I have never seen a more vile wretch of new negroes"—it is thus she distinguishes between those lately acquired and those born on the plantation—"if he was mine I would cut him to pieces! A son of a gun! a nice fellow! He should be killed with a hot iron spike."

"MARGARY WENT TO WASHINGTON."
The promise of a thorough, though

and reader. Whilst William Black would keep a story, full of characters, waiting for ten minutes in order that he might purple a dozen pages with a sunset in the Hebrides, Mrs. Humphry Ward would prompt her hero to draw a sword over his shoulder with the remark that the evening was growing chilly, and a dozen pages would be occupied by the heroine reading into that simple act a variety of meanings concerning friendship or love. It is not that this class of writers are lacking in sympathy with men and women interest them so much more. The rising and setting of the sun only serve the purpose of their drama—the lighting and quenching of candles by which the action can be seen. This

hand is faithful; the picture is painted "warts and all"; yet the idealism of the Catholic faith, its restful asceticism stream like a dream upon the sympathies. But at the time her other nature is rejoicing in the breath of an intellectual moorland, never fenced by human fingers, with a far distant horizon losing itself in space of sky. Her chosen hero has always in view the making of a great saint, or a great skeptic. The writer never appears to hesitate to make him definitely one

able a trace of hereditary dislike to the Philistinism of Dissent: a system which in her opinion falls between two extremes. It rejects traditional dogmatism, and falters at entering the open sea of free thought. Determined to face her difficulty honestly, she discards ordinary theories of association and takes refuge in a religion of humanity, a brotherhood irradiated by a Divine instinct. It sets aside the miraculous, and comforts itself with "sweetness and light." It is, how-

tant, whether in darkness or light. Something may be expected from the development of a wholesome municipal socialism which undertakes monopolies.

Christianity softens the situation, but has no gospel of economic salvation. The communism of the early Church was restricted to that active working body, the first Society of Jesus, sent forth into an unbelieving world. Its very success apparently destroyed its communism. It became impossible to maintain it beyond the limits of a small society. We find

any hope of success. To convert a
tinent to such an experiment, to over-
come the grave initial difficulties, the
situation must become considerably
worse. Meantime, we are grateful for
the brilliant audacity of so able a think-
er as Mrs. Humphry Ward in stating the

ventions are in the main, simply improvements. Mr. Gibbs, of the ...co & Gibbs machine is a virginian, (f Millip lita Va.) and invented the above named machine which is the most popular of the single thread machines. It makes a twisted loop stitch, by means of a rotating hook under the cloth, and having the advantages of noiselessness, speed and ease of running, has sold largely.

In regard to the 6'alm Mr. Gandy says

(Continued on Twenty-Ninth Page.)

The flesh with blistering dew," besides, "The copper snake breathed in his ear.

It is strange that the possibility of the swamps being drained now agitated, as opposed by the citizens of Norfolk are the vicinity on sanitary considerations when sixty to seventy years ago this era was recommended in order to re-forest the land, but probably very fertile lands. The extent of the swamp is said to be thirty miles north and south by ten in width. The area of the lake six or seven, but that apparently is being extended all the time. The clearing is not at the time of our visit, some years ago, is seemed at least a mile wide.

and reader. Whilst William Black would keep a story, full of characters, waiting for ten minutes in order that he might purple a dozen pages with a sunset in the Hebrides, Mrs. Humphry Ward would prompt her hero to draw a sword over his shoulder with the remark that the evening was growing chilly, and a dozen pages would be occupied by the heroine reading into that simple act a variety of meanings concerning friendship or love. It is not that this class of writers are lacking in sympathy with men and women interest them so much more. The rising and setting of the sun only serve the purpose of their drama—the lighting and quenching of candles by which the action can be seen. This

hand is faithful; the picture is painted "warts and all"; yet the idealism of the Catholic faith, its restful asceticism stream like a dream upon the sympathies. But at the time her other nature is rejoicing in the breath of an intellectual moorland, never fenced by human fingers, with a far distant horizon losing itself in space of sky. Her chosen hero has always in view the making of a great saint, or a great skeptic. The writer never appears to hesitate to make him definitely one

able a trace of hereditary dislike to the Philistinism of Dissent: a system which in her opinion falls between two extremes. It rejects traditional dogmatism, and falters at entering the open sea of free thought. Determined to face her difficulty honestly, she discards ordinary theories of association and takes refuge in a religion of humanity, a brotherhood irradiated by a Divine instinct. It sets aside the miraculous, and comforts itself with "sweetness and light." It is, how-

tant, whether in darkness or light. Something may be expected from the development of a wholesome municipal socialism which undertakes monopolies.

Christianity softens the situation, but has no gospel of economic salvation. The communism of the early Church was restricted to that active working body, the first Society of Jesus, sent forth into an unbelieving world. Its very success apparently destroyed its communism. It became impossible to maintain it beyond the limits of a small society. We find

ventions are in the main, simply improvements. Mr. Gibbs, of the ...co & Gibbs machine is a virginian, (f Millip lita Va.) and invented the above named machine which is the most popular of the single thread machines. It makes a twisted loop stitch, by means of a rotating hook under the cloth, and having the advantages of noiselessness, speed and ease of running, has sold largely.

In regard to the 6'alm Mr. Gandy says

(Continued on Twenty-Ninth Page.)

The flesh with blistering dew," besides, "The copper snake breathed in his ear.

It is strange that the possibility of the swamps being drained now agitated, as opposed by the citizens of Norfolk are the vicinity on sanitary considerations when sixty to seventy years ago this era was recommended in order to re-forest the land, but probably very fertile lands. The extent of the swamp is said to be thirty miles north and south by ten in width. The area of the lake six or seven, but that apparently is being extended all the time. The clearing is not at the time of our visit, some years ago, is seemed at least a mile wide.

and is faithful; the picture is painted by faith, and all yet the desolation of the world, its rest, its asceticism steals over a dream upon the symphony. But the time her other nature is rejoicing in the breath of an intellectual mood—she is drawn by a mystic vision to a far distant horizon losing itself in the space of sky. Her chosen hero has taken in view the making of a great saint, and a great saint, she knows, must make his mark definitely on the world.

(Continued on Twenty-Ninth Page.)